A DISCRIPTION

Of a *Cockernonie*, which Maidens will not want to make them bony.

TO every thing there is a time,
of all things great and ſmall,
And when the period is come,
then comes a fading fall.
This is a time ſome women think
themſelves ſo brave and bonie
That they to eke their vanity,
muſt have a Cockernonie,

The Gentle women of this Land,
nothing they can deviſe,
That countrey-laſſes may command,
be they have ſeen it thrice:
If they do think into their mind,
that it is brave and bonie,
Then preſently they'l counterfeit
if 'twere a Cockernonie.

There's not a Gillet in this Land,
that wins five pound of fee,
But for to dreſſe her ſelf fra hand,
ſhe will give two or three:
A waiſt-coat of the new French mod,
then for to make her bonie,
If ſhe ſhould give all the reſt,
ſhe'l have a Cockernonie.

I mean not all in generall,
ſee that ye take me right:
It is vain ſtrumptes great or ſmall,
and Gilters in our ſight,
Who cannot live in honeſt form,
for why? ſhe muſt be bonie,
And ſcorns to walk unleſſe ſhe have,
a genty Cockernonie.

This Waiſt-coat then it muſt have ſeams
nine or ten down the back,
Als many down the breaſt, ſhe will
think neither ſhame nor lack.
Then with wide ſluts and ſeamed arms,
O wow if ſhe be bonie,
And yet for all ſhe may not want
her pretty Cockernonie.

Her high-heeld ſhoes upon her feet,
yea and her ſtockins red:
Her petticoat made like the reſt
its not three els of breid:
A pretty Row about her Waiſt
to make her gimp and bonie,
A brazen Needle in her head,
to prick her Cockernonie.

But moſt of all I think it ſhame
to ſee ſome dudron daws,
At morning, ere they go from home,
go to hols of the wals:
And out wil take ſome old diſh-clout
and make it trim and bonie,
And dreſſe it on upon her head
juſt like a Cockernonie.

What is the cauſe of this, think ye,
that makes them to do this;
But to fulfill their vanity,
the which they will not miſſe.
There's not a maid in all this Town
that thinks her brave and bonie,
To Kirk and Mercat makes her bown,
without her Cockernonie.

Of Gentle women I think nought,
that may ſuch things maintain:
But I ſuch clarty Kitties do
with all my heels diſdain:
For Gentle women may uſe ſuch things,
to make them brave and bonie:
But I ſuch criſhie queans abhore
to wear a Cockernonie.

There's not a VVench in any place,
that draw's a Bun of beer,
But ſhe will have her brave whit pocks,
as I ſhall let you hear:
Her Napkin gallantly is ſpread,
becauſe ſhe thinks it bonie,
Then ſhe muſt have upon her head
a counterfeit Cockernonie.

Then Gentles all one queſtion
to ſpear at you I may,
Who knows the Miſtres by the Maid
upon the mercat day?
Thoſe maids do prick and prine themſelves,
to make them trim and bony
With Pick and Piener on their head,
yea and a Cockernonie.

They will not want their ſtamminger,
nor yet their bawling bodies,
Well drawn moſt ſtrait about the waiſt,
as gimp as any Ladies;
Then with their Chamlet Petticoats
they are moſt rare and bonie,
With ſilken ribbons on her head,
to row her Cockernonie.

Although ſhe be a Kitchin Laſſe,
of that ſhe thinks no ſhame,
She'll deck her ſelf even with a glaſſe,
before ſhe go from home.
And when ſhe comes into the ſtreet
ſh will go neat and bonie,
And though that ſhe want all the reſt
ſhe'l have a Cockernonie,

Some Cockernonies they will be
even made of their own hair,
And ſome of many other things,
of which I'le ſay no mair:
But they will have their gowdie locks,
then combed down full bonie;
With many prins into her head,
to dreſſe her Cockernonie,

The honeſt women of this Land
they will not this envy;
But paughty pieces I underſtand,
that daylie I eſpy.
There's not a man that knowledge hath
but every day ſees many
Would compaſſe all the way of pride,
beſide the Cockernonie.

What is the cauſe that in this Land
doth bring in ſturt and ſtrife?
It is no thing I underſtand,
but even our pridefull life.
Pride did begin all kind of ſin,
and ſtill deceiveth many:
And many new inventions
follows the Cockernonie.

I think they may theſe things let be
and let their pride alone,
To ſee ſo many croſſes fall
each day the Land upon.
Both rich and poor I make you ſure,
pride hath deceived many:
Yet wil they not let be their pride,
nor yet the Cockernonie.

And ſtill more pride for to invent
they ſet their whole deſire,
The which doth Satan well content,
and mounteth his empire:
For ſtill with pride and vanity
he yet governeth many,
Suppoſe it be your whole deſire
to wear a Cockernonie.

It ſeems ye do not call to mind
the ſcourge and puniſhment,
Nor have regard to Gods command,
but follow your intent
All your conceit and fantaſie
is to be brave and bonie:
And in a word to wear gay cloaths,
with a rare Cockernonie.

I have almoſt now done my part,
deſiring you therefore,
That ye would ſoon leave all your pride
for now and evermore.
Farewell my Anties all, who think
vain toyes more ſweet then honey,
And if ye will my counſell take,
lay aſide your Cockernonie.

FINIS.